Dana - This is a new one, Thought you might like to story. !

Dear Santa,

Please keep

We are from Waveland and our home was at:
[redacted] S. Beach Blvd.

We are now living at:

Address: [redacted] Main Street

City Bay St. Louis State MS Zipcode 39520

Phone No. [redacted]

Our family consists of:

Judy [redacted]
John

Our Katrina experience was:

My husband and I decided to evacuate our home around 3p.m. on Sunday. As our home was 2 story, we carried our belongings upstairs to secure them in what we thought was a safe place. After checking on our place, we loaded our change of clothes and I said goodbye to my parrots and our

Write something special that you would like Santa to bring you or your family:

Christmas is so special to me and it will be hard this year being we lost so much. I have always enjoyed giving and receiving, but I Love the surprises. There is no special gift except - spending Christmas with my family.

Please use back or another sheet of paper, if you want to write more. We want to hear your story.

Return by November 30th to:

Mayor's Office, City of Waveland, P. O. Box 539, Waveland, MS 39576

rabbits. I did one final check and for some unknown reason, grabbed my life vest. We felt we did everything to secure our home and belongings. I did snap a photo of our pier as we left to spend the remainder of Hurricane Katrina at [redacted] Main St., Bay St. Louis. Myson, Kevin, and his wife, Chriscina, along with their six labs joined us there. We parked our 4 vehicles, my 2 work (mail trucks), and my son's 3 vehicles, boat, travel trailer, and tractor on Main Street Also. We listen to the TV until we lost power around 2:00 a.m. Monday morning. We decided to get a little rest and wake up and see how things were at day break. Needless, to say, we awoke to wind blowing strong, watching roofs blowing, trees, sheds, metal, and heavy rain. Around 7:30 my son noticed water on Main Street and told his dad he thought it looked liked beach water. His dad disagreed

Saying it was rain collecting on the street. I was getting nervous at this point. We continued to watch the water rise in the street and around 9:00 my son noticed white caps about 1 foot to 1½ feet in the street. He told us then, that he knew it was the beach water. I started thinking and we could taste the salt on our skin and lips and knew then that he was right. It was beach (gulf) water. We could hear tornadoes and our ears were popping and the house was shaking. We heard what we thought was a 22 rifle going off in the house. My son and husband checked and saw their ~~guns~~ guns were not loaded. After hearing this sound again, we looked and found the can drinks exploding the top of the cans. My son decided to try and move his car to another spot in the yard when he saw this wave coming in the back yard and down

the street. It came in such force that his car just floated and filled with water. He was not able to stand up in the water because it was so strong. As he made it into the house, we started shoving towels, blankets, to keep the water out. Next thing we saw was a microwave floating down the street, next a refrigerator, and next our Lab "Astro" jumped out the window to chase after mullets jumping in the front yard. The water continued to rise and I was scared and so thankful for my life vest. That was the last conversation I had with my daughter, Kay, son-in-law, Damien and our granddaughter, Kaitlyn in Picayune. The water rose in the house to almost 3½ feet, but it was scarey. We did take several photos of the water and I still cannot believe it. Once the water started falling

I was feeling more at ease. At around 5p.m. on Monday, we went out in the truck to see how things were and to check on my son's house in Bayou LaCroix. Once on Highway 90 we saw the water standing on 90, 603, and just a horrible sight. We picked up a deputy to try and get him to Bayside, but could not. We saw flares down 90 and could not get to people. We knew people were in trouble. I had no idea if my daughter and them were OKay. No way to get in touch with them. We left out Tuesday morning at 7:00 to check on the water on 90 and 603. We made it to Bayou LaCroix and my son and his wife had to take a boat to their place because the water was still waist deep. Needless to say, they lost everything, too. Finally, we met up with my daughter and her husband on Hwy. 43. We

embraced and it was such a good feeling to know, that we all made it. The last thing she said she heard was Coast Electric on Main Street was taking in water and her husband told her, he knew we were in trouble also.

On Wednesday, we dropped my husband off at Circle K on Hwy. 90 so we could walk and check on our home. Finally around 4 that evening he returned. There was nothing left. We witnessed Circle K being broken into and stealing and the cops not doing anything to them. Like my husband said, if it had been food, water, he could understand because there was not food or water for any of us either. But stealing gas treatment, oil, etc. no way. This is when the world starts to fall apart. We lost our home, my parrots, my rabbits, our vehicles, my son and daughter-in-law lost their home, their vehicles, their chickens, there

was no water or food left. We had very little gas. We were worried about whether we would survive. We even talked about making it through the Hurricane and now dying of thirst and hunger. Finally, about 5p.m. my neice and her husband (they had evacuated to Sterrport) arrived from returning to check on their home. They had ice, food, water and fuel. They also, found their home had been flooded with 8 to 10 feet of water. This food and water was so great. Then on Friday my sister-in-law from Alabama arrived with more food, water, ice, gas, generator, chain saw, and medical supplies for us. We even celebrated our granddaughter's 1st birthday on Friday. On Saturday, we left for Huntsville to take care of business, medical help being we are both diabetics, and get transportation. We get our rental car and return home and it just starts all over again.

We stayed at my sister's house until we were able to get a tent at the EOC, which the woman was hateful and rude. Finally, we started receiving MRE's from in front of WALmart and Gulfview. Knowing we lost our home, vehicles and my pictures, home movies, parrots and rabbits, etc, just eats at me day and night but I thank God my family made it. Hurricane Betsy was bad, Hurricane Camille was awful, But Hurricane Katrina there are no words.

We are staying in a Fema trailer on Main Street. I have been or should say was lucky because I applied on a Friday evening and the next day, I had my trailer.

My husband and I have been through a very difficult 3 years. He had a brain tumor, TTP blood disorder, Triple bypass and now this. He is reminded each

day that this reminds him of Vietnam. It has been a major adjustment and very hard on him mentally.

The POD behind Burger King has been so kind to us. They have supplied us with linens, blankets, food, water, and many blessings. We are ever so grateful to them. The POD at Gulfview are another wonderful group. We have never had Red Cross, Salvation Army, etc. to stop and drop off food. The military always brought us ice, MRE's, + water daily. They were a blessing! We do go to Old Spanish TRAil and WAshington Street for Salvation Army meals at noon daily and supplies. They are great people.

All I can say is if God can do this with his little finger, just think what he could do with his whole hand!